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Technique and Expression.

John Milton bitterly opposed the school fashion of writing themes, and Sir William Hamilton joined him in this hostility. Teaching conventional "conveyancing" by rule of thumb never comes to any good. In the teaching of music there is a worse method than that of communicating the analysis of borrowing or taking without leave, and this is the long continued practice of set passages—a practice which checks all imagination, chills enthusiasm, and throws the mind into an iron-cast framework forbidding all suggestive idea, and destroying the characteristic tendencies of the musician. The music of Kalkbrenner, of Herz, of Czerny is the result of the persistence of this practice of passage music, and too many of their pupils suffered from its detrimental tendencies. The player has but one object—to show off what he can do; music, pure music, in the abstract never enters his head. All he seeks is perfection in mechanism—the legitimate rendering of the passage and the due admixture of contrasts. The school culminated in the playing of Thalberg, and died with him. No mortal man can ever surpass the cool, calculated campaigning of this great conqueror over executive difficulties. Not being connected with mind or spirit, the mechanical school has of course its limits. The ultimate becomes very soon transparent, and although not to be imitated it ceases to command universal sympathy. The composer who makes real music, the player who interprets real music, the singer who can give us the personal feeling of real music, are far ahead of the mechanical professor, however great he may be. Who was to know what Malibran would do? Who now knows what Murksa will do? Mechanism with these great vocalists is a mere secondary affair. The mechanism is always the same—but the temperament, the present all-absorbing feeling, is triumphant over mechanism, and commands it in a manner not a little astonishing to its possessor.

High class musicians may be divided into broad parties. The well-drilled mannerists, and the impulsive poets, the technicians and the expressionists. The one says, "Mark what I do;" the other says, "Understand and feel what I understand and feel." The one excites the passion of enjoyment by the exhibition of perfect capability alone. He has no personal feeling in the matter. He is curbed and bound by strict reference to rule and precept. His fingers must go here, his thumb there. Command over technicalities is his highest ambition. He is never disturbed by any mental sensibility or the pressure of individual thought. He composes without reference to any stirring internal emotion. His chief gratification arises from an unfailing grasp of the commonly received mechanism. This he is at all times ready to exhibit without much regard to the intention or character of his composition, or even to the freshness of its ideas. He is stereotyped into form, habituated to rule, and his great relish of beauty is a vivid perception of a perfect manifestation of workmanship. If the thing be finished off well he is satisfied. His great contentment is handling and finish, and his vanity is gratified by having turned his labor to the best account and done the thing, to him, in the best way possible.

On the other side there is the artist of specific feeling, a man of mood, of great peculiarity of mind, having his phases of emotion, his seasons of original ideas, and these possessions give him the power of awakening new

impressions, and touching the select few who can sympathize with him from congeniality of mind and fellowship in feeling. This artist transcends or supersedes mere technical skill by the depth and strength of his emotional expression. The external artist may be said to ignore expression; his natural feelings having become indurated by the one exclusive aim towards technical supremacy. No one would expect an heroic symphony from such a composer as the late Auber or the present Offenbach; no one would have hoped to get the best reading of a Beethoven sonata from the perfect fingers of a Thalberg. With Auber, composition was the sweet comfort of a level regularity; with Thalberg playing the pianoforte was the full exhibition of the capabilities of the instrument in a gorgeous, subtle, and magnificent way. Thalberg conceived the execution of Beethoven to be mere child's play, and his knowledge of the powers of the instrument almost contemptible.

In considering the difference between the two schools—the school of technical excellence which passes by, or ignores, emotional expression, and the school that overrides or surpasses mere technical excellence by virtue of emotional expression, we take it for granted that the latter is not in any way inferior to the former in all the essentialities of technique. The expressional artist is not a whit inferior in workmanship to the accomplished adept in the method of doing the thing. As regards mechanism the one is as accurate and truthful as the other, but the one seems only to take into account the operations of the body, whilst the other is guided by the manifestations of the spirit. From whence comes this impetuosity, this fiery passion—this more than woman's tenderness—this outpouring of personal feeling, this awakening of a broad and enthusiastic sympathy? There is a kingliness, a royalty, a glory in all this work of the expressional artist. He may be misunderstood; his peculiar views may lead him to set at defiance the stereotyped canons of creditable pedantries and academic discipline; but he exercises an influence and sway over men's minds and hearts immeasurably more beautiful, more noble, and of higher import than can be extracted from the most sedulous and subservient attention to mere rules of art. The technical artist works with his bodily powers—he is perfect man in a low estate and condition. The other appears as the exaltation of humanity, the special manifestation of agencies more than simply corporal.

All this spell of love and delight is felt to be the result of what we call inspiration, or the operation or afflatus of the *ruach* or *neum*, the spirit or *Geist*—words not to be found in the Darwin dictionaries, but which have been used from time immemorial in the east and west, the north and south, to express that which lies above all outward symbols of art, transcends all culture, putting discipline to its legitimate and most perfect use. The first thing to notice in this indication of what we call inspiration is the originality—the personal character of the endowment. Who living can conduct the overture to the oratorio of "Elijah" with theunction, the holy beauty given to it by its composer Mendelssohn? The ideas in this overture, their order and arrangement, as mere exhibitions of technical art, are as perfect as they can be; yet who but Mendelssohn could draw out from the band that high and solemn feeling of reverence for the subject of the oratorio which the composer, from patient thought and deep knowledge, had put into it, and to which he gave full outcome in this his

introductory movement? Think again of the religious barcarole, or sacred clause, in the symphonic introduction to the *Lobgesang*. Who but Mendelssohn has given to it its true significance of an earnest outpouring of thankfulness? With ordinary conductors this movement is no more than a weak and morbid sentimentalism, lacking warmth of impression, and displaying no re-invigoration of the grandeur of the theme of the Praise cantata, of which, as an essential detail, this clause is an important link. And how can this emanation of spirit on the part of the composer be possibly described? Who can note down the gradations of tone, the absence of all exaggeration, the marvellous changefulness, the simple beauty, the weeping tenderness, the alternate brilliancy and repose? The composer showed all these feelings, and by the magic of his wand infused the same feeling into the band, and compelled the audience to appreciate them and sympathize with them. Mendelssohn's music, it is well known, carried greater sway with the public than with the professors. The public was delighted to find a musician not trusting to mere physical science, but using *religious contemplation as the chief fount of emotional expression* in the conduct of his art. In this way he hoped to gain *inspiration* for the feeling, and greater power over the technique. In this way he avoided the sensuous and secured the spiritual. No one knew better than he that goodness has something to do with art; and the more an artist looks up to his higher nature, the more capable and the more potent he demonstrates himself to be. In fact, music of a purely human element is of small value and little stable influence. The maxim, "See what I do," unless blended with a moral and spiritual element, is of no interest to outsiders beyond the exemplification of perfection in machinery. There must be rightful toil proceeding from the heart, involving all the nobler feelings, to secure lasting influence and unfading reputation.

There is the false, the pretentious emotional expression running alongside the veritable, made up of much weakness, small instinct, short sight, and misty imagination. The illegitimate phase of the real thing is the refuge of the incompetent, the ill taught, and the narrow minded. As it is neither pardonable nor helpful, it is an impudent falsehood, and should be denied by all true artists. It is no difficult thing to make the overtures to the "Zauberflöte" and the "Figaro" go faster than they ever did, and about twice as fast as Mozart intended; nor is it difficult to drive on the overture to "La Gazza Ladra," by Rossini, so as to make it intensely vulgar; or to present the overture to the "Hebrides," as a movement altogether incomprehensible and dull. All these results should be put down to sheer ignorance rather than to pretentious technical skill. But there is another phase—such as that of the readings by Wagner of the Beethoven symphonies, which it would be unjust to assign to ignoble motives or to blinded vision. Wagner is no imbecile, his faculties are all astir; but he is guided by his own keen sense on the mere mundane arrangements of musical art. His keen intellect is employed in the disposing and controlling of the vast machinery he has at command; and he conceives that intense emotional expression lies in the due employ of, so to say, physical forces. His highest achievements result in a sort of enthusiasm amongst instruments. There is much industry and self-denial in this kind of labor, but none of the grace or preciousness of the best feelings of

humanity. Hence his peculiar incapacity for the portraiture of love, and his great delight in scenes of terror and distress, anger, rage, tumult. The fascination of his singular art-power in these respects should not be unacknowledged, although it may be somewhat deprecated. As to the Wagner interpretation of the Beethoven symphonies we can only remark, he, as a great artist, has thought much and long over them, and those that condemn the result have not sought to renovate the bluntness or deadness of feeling towards these familiar compositions by any such acts of renewed vitality. The latter eschew comparisons and detest contrasts. The Wagnerian method is based on conscientiousness, and giving rise to new ideas and fresh emotions may be said to be nearer the true expressional school than its antagonistic development. But however guided by keen and penetrating intelligence it has not the compass, grasp, or intention of the higher form. It is a school of progress, but not of perpetual influence over men's minds. Only the school of high genius—the right school of emotional expression—has this, and this school is the glory and foundation of the art. It may be said that neither the master of great expressional emotion, nor the unrivalled adept in orchestral mysteries have a right to give an individual interpretation to these compositions of Beethoven. That there are traditions—well-known traditions—and it would be sheer blasphemy to controvert these traditions. Well, we had the certain and uncontroverted traditions of Handel's "Messiah," and of all his other generally known oratorios. What has become of them? What has become of the song "But Thou didst not leave his soul in hell," of the Hailstone chorus, and of a dozen other movements which have departed this life as far as tradition is concerned? Again, what has become of the traditional performance of Beethoven's symphonies! As to the metronomic marks, for these there is no authority, and Beethoven himself despised the metronome and laughed at it.

The violoncello player who was at Beethoven's right hand and always at his beck and call, knew more about the Beethoven sonatas as Beethoven himself played them, and he well knew that no metronome could reveal anything of value on this point. We believe, as far as respects tradition, no professor of the piano-forte excelled Schachner in the interpretation of these sonatas, and he, it is well known, derived all this interpretation from the faithful Achates of the great composer. Dr. von Buelow has had the same opportunity of acquiring the traditions of Beethoven in the matter of the sonatas, and no doubt also as to the reading of the symphonies.

After all that can be said or thought of, the facts come to this; the mere executant cannot be trusted to play Beethoven, nor does he desire to do so. The music kills the executant of this calibre, for the player is no longer the central figure. And with regard to the emotional performers, there is no governing spirit; whatever may be the reading of the hour, it is a highly imaginative reading, and comes from one who is the thorough master of all technique, and uses all his powers in a rightful interpretation of his subject.—*London Orchestra.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Mental Action in Piano Playing.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Some months ago I called attention in these columns to Mr. Wm. Mason's system of technical exercises in piano-playing. A further study of the mechanism of the hand has enabled me to comprehend some things that were not clear at that time.

The muscles of the hand are of three general classes: 1. The great common flexor and extensor, which are located in the fore-arm. Their contraction will be felt if you grasp for instance the left

fore-arm with the right hand and then open and shut the left hand. They say that in each contraction of the muscle only a small number of the fibrils contract, and these after being once used are dead, and are immediately removed and new ones put in their place.

The great *flexor* muscle communicates with the fingers through four tendons, each of which is furnished with its own nerve. This device is calculated to guard against loss of the grasping power of the hand by severing any tendon. If, for instance, the tendon of the fore-finger should be accidentally severed, or even the finger removed, the entire force of the muscle can still be exerted through the three remaining tendons. This provision also makes it possible to strengthen the naturally weak fingers of the hand to an equality with the fore-finger, since it is not a question of developing an obscure muscle to an equality with a powerful one, but merely of turning a given amount of force into a new channel. It is in effect an education of the nerve rather than of the muscle properly speaking.

2. The contraction or closing of the hand is also assisted by a sort of reserve corps of small muscles constituting the palm of the hands, called the *lumbrici*. These seem intended to guard against an accidental severing of all the flexor and extensor tendons at the wrist, in which case the *lumbrici* would still be able to close the hand, though, of course, with much less than its natural force. In some hands there is great thickness of the palm, and I suppose a proportionately greater development of these muscles. I am inclined to think that such unusual development generally is occasioned by manual labor—hoe handles, axe handles, and all that sort of a thing.

3. The remaining class of muscles are the *interosseous*, little muscles lying along by the metacarpal bones. These perform the office of separating and approximating the fingers, and their education is really one of the most important problems of the pianist. The thumb is provided with a general assortment of muscles of its own. But as it is called into almost every sort of action in all the thousand every day movements of the hand, the principal problem of the piano teacher is to moderate and direct its force.

All piano-forte finger work appears to me to be comprised in three categories: First, the complete flexion of all the joints by suddenly closing the hand, as illustrated in the cut "staccato touch" in Mason & Hoadley's New Method. Secondly, a modified form of action of the same muscles, being a flexion of the metacarpal joints (the fingers and the palms of the hand.) This is the action so diligently sought by all five-finger exercises. Third, the approximation and separation of the fingers. This is sought in all those five-finger exercises which ascend and descend the entire keyboard by extensions or contractions.

I think it has been too generally overlooked that, after, all the chief difficulties of piano playing are mental and not muscular. When a passage is once comprehended so that the player can attend exclusively to performing the actions, a fairly trained hand will soon learn to do it successfully. Any teacher who has ever set himself to analyze a set of passages for a pupil, must have observed how quickly the execution comes when the construction of the passage is comprehended. In teaching a cadenza, for instance, how often one finds it necessary to close the music in order to compel the pupil to *think!* All such passages as, for instance, the run in chromatic major thirds in Liszt's *Rigoletto*, the descending cadence of double sixths, the cadence composed of sixths in one hand and a chromatic appoggiatura (or "fore-note") with the left hand,

the run down in fours, can be taught by rote to an average pupil in a quarter of the time that would be required to teach them by note.

Again, take the very first effort at a little piece. It is generally impossible to secure a *sprightly* performance until you take away the notes and cause the pupil to play it by memory. Then after a few explanations and illustrations by the teacher, the pupil succeeds in producing a result something like music. Go into any primary school and see how they teach a boy to read. The boy knows how to speak. But when he reads he strains his voice up to an unnaturally high key, and giving each word the time of a half-note reads:

"HAS THE BOY A GUN?"

The teacher stops him and says: "John, close your book and repeat that to me."

John closes his book and in a gruff, half-ashamed voice says: "Has the boy a gun," with a falling inflection on "gun." "No," says the teacher, "you wouldn't say 'Has the boy a gun,' but 'Has the boy a gun?" (rising inflection). "Say it now." So John says it after one or two trials as it ought to be. "Now," says the teacher, "open your book and read it in the same tone." And still the chance is that John will not get it right in the first trial.

A large part of every piece is machine or formula work; as all the basses, cadenzas, and the fillagree work in variations. Teach these parts separately as passages. Then teach the melody by itself, and when the pupil unites them you will see clearly by the facility with which he plays, that *head work* is worth as much as finger work.

I fancy a great deal of unnecessary time is wasted in what is called "forming the hand." We don't have to distress ourselves to get healthy boys to stand up straight. To stand straight is the natural position of a healthy boy. Make him well and strong and he'll stand straight enough. So it is with the hand. If the fingers are strong and equal, there is no trouble in securing the proper curve of the fingers on the keys. The orthodox position of the hand in five-finger passages is the natural position of a strong hand placed on the keys. So all one has to do to "form the hand" is to practice diligently the slow and fast "two-finger exercise" of which I spoke in the former article.

That the exercises I described before are ample for the development of the hand, I have seen proved too often to doubt. And the testimony of all the teachers who have given Mason's exercises a fair trial is that an average pupil advances *three times as rapidly* toward free execution and an expressive touch as by any former course of practice they have used. I have had the same testimony from very many teachers who were familiar with the use of Czerny's and Köhler's exercises and the orthodox course of piano study. To recapitulate:

For strengthening the hand Mason uses the "two-finger exercise" on page 184 (Mason & Hoadley's "New Method"), the second note having the staccato touch illustrated on p. 40. These are played at first six times through slowly, about one note in a second. Afterwards very rapidly. In the rapid playing the fingers move at the metacarpal joints only, the same as in five-finger exercises. But in my opinion it is not necessary to distress the pupil to keep the fingers at a certain definite curve, as Plaidy does at Leipsic. The slow form of this exercise gives great independence and strength of finger; and the reason it gives strength rapidly is because, by allowing the hand to close after the second note (as in the cut on page 62), the entire force of the flexor muscle can be thrown into the acting finger. To throw this force into a single finger without exciting involuntary contraction of the others is a later accomplishment. The rapid

playing of this exercise is excellent for the acquisition of a light touch. It is the best possible preparation for the *trill*, and includes more benefit to the hand than any other single exercise I ever tried. This is Liszt's exercise, and he has hardly been known to practice anything else within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

To give freedom of execution Mason uses the arpeggios on the diminished chords and their changes, Nos. 174-178, pp. 195 and 196 and following.

The great exercise for advanced pupils in this department is the arpeggio in sixths, pp. 200-205. There is also a still finer "routine" exercise which I haven't room to describe intelligibly. Mason's favorite accent is that of *nines*. It extends the exercise to a length which affords great help in cultivating endurance of muscles and concentration of attention. This arpeggio is to be relieved by the "broken chord," pages 185 and 186.

Scales he gives in direct and contrary motion, in canon form and in "velocity," the latter according to the example on page 40 and 41. This is to be carried through all the scales in a daily practice of some one scale.

These things, with a suitable octave school, comprise the substance of *fundamental technique*. The tricks of *special technique* (the interlocking passages, trill, tremolo, use of pedals, etc.) are to be given as each teacher thinks best, or as the pieces studied call for them. The combination of exercises for daily practice is substantially this: Scales 20 min.; two-finger, 20 min.; arpeggio, 40 min. Or, Scales, 10 min.; two-finger, 15 min.; arpeggios, 20 min. This course continued through two years gives a very strong and elastic hand.

And I beg to call attention again to the fact that the study of such a system of mechanism as this, where the pupil is left *always* to his memory, the exercises never being given by note, cultivates the musical perceptions and the sense of rhythm in a way impossible when half his attention is occupied in reading the notes. Further, the accent of *nines* calls for force impartially from every finger, while at the same time the intervening eight tones are light and even. And this lays the foundation for the contrasts of *forte* and *piano*.

Real expression in playing must be got from pieces. All kinds of studies, except a few of Heller's or Chopin's, are more or less deficient in the musical element. If I get a certain amount of dry mechanical practice faithfully done, I consider it vital that the remainder of the time be spent on really musical things. For this reason it appears to me very poor economy to spend time on Bertini's studies or perhaps even Cramer.* Of course if you make a pupil play these things well you improve his playing. But when the world is so full of musical pieces *worth* knowing as music and equally valuable for practice, why waste a pupil's time on these studies which are all more or less mechanical and wanting in inspiration? Any pupil who can be got to study Bertini can be kept half the time on Schumann's little pieces, if you relieve his earnestness with playful *salon* pieces. And who will not say that the latter course has more sense in it? How do we get children to read? Is it by compiling books of pieces composed mechanically to introduce certain words as often as possible? Or by giving them real "sure-enough" stories where the interest gets so absorbing that they cheerfully master difficulties which they would not attempt without this interest. And this principle holds throughout the entire course. I very much doubt whether it is good economy to use any "studies" at all. If I want mechanism, I give mechanism. If I want

poetic playing I give poetic pieces. If elegant and fluent playing, elegant and fluent pieces. If dry and senseless (though "proper") playing, give dry and senseless pieces. "Audi alteram partem."

The Voice, and how to Use it.

BY W. H. DANIELL.

[From the Worcester Palladium.]

XVIII.

Pupil. Some time since we were speaking of what you termed "sickly sentimental" singing. Will you explain just what you mean by it, or rather where you would draw the line between good and bad in that direction.

Mr. D. I understand that some have felt hurt by my sneering at "sentimental" singing, but I think without cause. There is a certain class of literature formerly called "yellow covered," also termed at present "dime novels." What is the reason that you and all sensible people condemn these books? Why keep them out of the hands of children as if they were poisonous in their effects? The answer is plain—because they are poisonous to the mind. They appeal to the passions rather than to the intellect. They serve to stir up all the morbid sensibilities of the nature. They create a distaste for healthful reading and completely unsettle the mind for anything in ordinary life. They are merely repetitions of the same old story, with slight changes. I gave my little girl a pasteboard doll not long since. With it came various dresses and disguises, so that the doll could be made to represent quite a number of individuals; but it was the same doll, the only difference being in the dress. So with these "dime novels," which are all alike with difference of dress. Now a large part of what is sold in music stores is of this character. It is music, in the sense that music consists of successive varying sounds, but it is poor stuff for the intellect. It appeals to a morbid sensibility, and makes me involuntarily think of the lady whose husband remarked of her that she "enjoyed very poor health." There are many who are never happier than when they are ailing, and have some sympathizing listener to hear about their troubles; but I think you will acknowledge that such are not cheerful companions for healthy people. But why is it? Is it not because they are living in a very small space, and thinking only of the little things in life, and those few little things are of a selfish character? The mind cannot expand with them. Now we have had for the past few years a perfect deluge of feeble efforts to produce music of this "dime novel" character. Stephen C. Foster wrote genuine music, though of the simplest character, and it at once took hold of the popular heart, which emboldened feeble imitators to rise all over the country, and the result is visible in the illuminated trash which music dealers say is the best to sell. They say they could not live by the sale of "good music" alone, but have to sell this because it is wanted.

Pupil. Showing, apparently, that the popular mind craves just this and cares nothing for better music. Why then seek to deprive those who love music, but are not educated up to the better masters, of that which doffs their satisfaction?

Mr. D. My dear sir, do you know the circulation of the New York Weekly, or any of the "so-called" story papers. I presume to say that you would not attempt to prevent their being printed or circulated, but would you encourage children to read them? I would not, any more than I would encourage them to drink liquor, simply because the deleterious effect would be similar. A habit of reading such stuff is weakening to the brain; a habit of drinking liquor is certainly not strengthening to the brain; the habit of singing the wishy-washy sentimentalism which I object to, is anything but healthy for the mind. Understand me, sentiment is one thing, sentimentality quite another. A vocalist void of sentiment is no true singer, but one given to sentimentality is one for me to avoid. But even in rendering music, be careful not to lay yourself open to the same charge. I have heard singers so completely overdone the thing in their singing as to render themselves ridiculous. Do you remember Mme. D'Angier, a formerly distinguished Contralto singer? Once on a time she sang in the "Messiah" in Boston Music Hall. She sang "He was despised," in the most extraordinary style that I ever heard. At the close of the song came "a man of sorrows"—an audible sob—"and acquainted with grief." Now she meant to be very pathetic, but instead of that, a general smile went over the

house. There is a difference between pathos and bathos. The best rule for singing with expression, is to be natural. Learn first to read with expression, and then sing as you would read. Why cannot people realize that singing is a natural, not an artificial action. But let me say one thing further on this matter: Learn to feel what you sing and then you will make others feel it. Whatever you do, do with all your might, and you must succeed in the long run; whatever you sing, sing with all your soul, and your audience must feel it. Do not imagine that putting emphasis on this note or that, or using a portamento here and a turn there is going to effect a good rendering of your song, unless you feel it yourself. The rendering may be correct but lacking soul. When it lacks that, it is like the marble statue, beautiful, faultless, but lifeless. Now this is what I would offer as sentiment; a true rendering of your composer without overdoing, and reading of the words to music; a modulation of the voice to bring out the deepest meaning; a quick, decisive delivery of tone for the war-cry; a tender, smooth delivery, with judicious use of the true portamento, for a love song, or the expression of tender sentiments; but an avoidance at all times, of the scooping, drawing tendency so common among "sentimental balladists." Avoid, as a rule, those songs with chorus attached. If you want choruses, there are plenty that are better than those. Do not cultivate morbid sensibility. These simply sweetish songs are not healthy. Do not be afraid of songs which have the name of a German composer. Any music that is good, will live, and any music that has lived, is pretty sure to be good and worth hearing more than once. Do not say, "Well I don't care to know any more about music, if I am to despise these beautiful sentimental songs," for that is saying, "Ignorance is bliss with me, what folly to be wise!"

XIX.

* * * * * Many singers *labor* in their singing, which is altogether wrong. When you labor to get any tone, it at once betrays itself in your voice. A former teacher of mine used to term such, an anxious tone. Now you will sometimes hear these anxious tones in singers. When one tries to carry through an arduous song and says to himself, "How I wish I were safely through," the audience at the same time have received his telegram, conveyed through the medium of his voice, and say to themselves, "How we hope he will get safely through." Do you imagine they experience much pleasure in listening under such circumstances? The singer may congratulate himself with having got through a difficult song, but would he feel complimented to hear the sigh of relief going the rounds of the audience? And yet he no doubt thinks that he has done a startling thing; but are startling things always agreeable to listen to? Boswell tells of listening with Dr. Samuel Johnson to a very showy performance on the piano on one occasion. Turning to the doctor at its conclusion, he remarked that it was an extremely difficult composition. "Difficult!" cried the sarcastic old doctor, "Would to God it was impossible!" Did you never have that feeling come over you when listening to some singers? But this is only one reason why I object to effort in singing. It is injurious to the voice itself. Did you ever read Wilkie Collins's story called "Man and wife"? The hero of that is a rich brute who prides himself upon his physical training. He is a perfect giant of strength, and is trained to the very highest point of physical development, yet he dies in a moment, his system being overstrained by what would seem to be the means of perfect health. Exertion for the brain is good, yet if you go into any of our lunatic asylums, you will find men whose brains had too much to do. They were overstrained, and the consequence is seen there. Instances are not wanting, by any means, of singers, who have ruined their voices by over-training.

Pupil. Over-straining of course would be regarded as injurious by any sensible person. The question was not, however, on over-straining, but on using effort.

Mr. D. In other words, you think I am going to the extreme of the case, but where will you draw the line? Who shall say just how much crowding the voice can stand. It is a favorite plan with some teachers, to develop power at the outset. "Make an impression at your first lesson," was said to me at one time. But I do not believe that the voice is to be treated so differently from muscles. Some teachers seem to think that shouting induces power.

* Are Cramer's *Etudes* all deficient in the musical element?—ED.

I do not. Some have the trick of setting the chin, and stiffening the muscles of the neck to obtain high tones. It is as wrong and unnatural as anything can be. If high tones will not come easier than that, they had better not come at all. Again, no more effort should be used in singing than in talking, because a forced tone is liable to be out of tune. On the contrary, it is liable to be in tune if tone is taken easily. You know my theory is that all can learn to sing, unless their voices are cracked, but I fear that I could never teach all to sing in tune, if I allowed them to crowd their tones. But there is still another reason why singing should be as easy as talking. It is not possible to labor greatly in singing, and render a song with expression. Now expression is the soul of singing. Anything that will prevent that is not desirable. Make exertion and you will tire a little. That little increases rapidly. You begin to set the muscles of your throat, and then your case is a hard one. You feel that you must strain more and more to keep up. You get demoralized, so to speak, and your presence of mind forsakes you. Expression gives way to self-preservation and when you close, you and your hearers feel equally exultant. On the contrary, accustom yourself to singing easily, think less of getting a large tone than of having it easy and free, and you will find that the size will come. The fact will bear repeating, that the good Father has dealt very kindly with us, and has given us the ability to do things easily, but we want to take matters into our own hands. We do not gain by it. One of these days we shall learn that his best gifts are the most freely given. But we must wait for the day of show and clap-trap to pass. Let us be patient. The day will come.

XX.

Pupil. You have said that any and all persons can learn to sing, provided the voice be not cracked. That is an extraordinary statement, and hard to believe. I have seen people who could not distinguish between two tunes. They sound precisely alike to them. Could they learn to sing?

Mr. D. Probably not. I do not refer to people who are in any degree mal-formed. It is generally assumed that any person may become a carpenter, but that would not include those who were blind. Occasionally you will find a person such as you mention, who is totally deficient as to ear; sounds are all alike. One tune is the same as another. Occasionally you will come across one who has no perception of color; all colors are alike. Green, purple, yellow, red, all seem the same. This person, having no perception of color, we term "color-blind." Of the person having no recognition of varying sounds we may say, "he has no ear." Of course these people, but few in number, are cut off from what is open to others.

Pupil. But few in number, do you say? Really sir, I shall be disposed to take issue with you. Many and many a person have I met, who had no more ear than a deaf mute.

Mr. D. How could you tell?

Pupil. Easily enough. They could not sing a tune through, by any possibility, but would make some extraordinary sounds, which, though aiming in the right direction, were yet far from correct.

Mr. D. Then they did "aim in the right direction." Any person who can do that, has "an ear." He is not to be classed with the one who cannot distinguish between sounds. The most that can be said is, that his ear is entirely uncultivated.

Pupil. I should say so. It might be remarked as well, that it would hardly pay for cultivating.

Mr. D. There I differ. It seems to me that the farmer is a great deal more valuable man to the country than the broker. Through his means comes the real wealth, gained by cultivating the ground. We could not well spare the farmer. But there are certain sharp men of business, who take the wealth after it is produced, and turn it over and over in their hands, to make it yield them as much as possible. Do they benefit the world by their operations? Is the country one bit better off for their existence? On the other hand the farmer sows his seed in the spring, to reap a plentiful harvest in one season. Every bushel of wheat he raises, is just so much wealth added to the nation. Every potato he digs is a little more capital for the country. He cannot be spared, for he is a producer, a cultivator. Now here in New England, the soil is sterile. Suppose the farmer should say, "Nothing can ever come off that land, let me plant as I will," would you not say that he was hardly a good far-

mer for this region? On the contrary, he cultivates the land, helps it along with manure, and succeeds, if not in getting a large yield, in arriving at satisfactory results. In other words, he has rescued land that was before worthless, and made it become actual wealth. Now let us see how this will apply to the case in hand. You say that unless one can catch a tune and be able to sing it, he had better not spend time in trying to become a singer. This is your meaning, I believe. Now there are very many, who can tell whether another sings properly or not—that is whether he sings the right notes or not, who cannot themselves sound any note required. Very often do I have ladies and gentlemen come to me and say, "Can I learn to sing?" I do not know the first thing about music, but I love it dearly, and should be delighted if I could only sing one song through correctly." I ask them to sound a certain note which I give, either with my voice, or the piano. If the correct tone is given, and is succeeded by correct tones, of course the answer is plain. But I have had many instances like this: I would sound C, response A, minor third below. I would sound E, response C. I would try again with G, response perhaps E. I would go back to E. Response C, again. So you see that the ear actually reported, though incorrectly. I never yet failed to make a singer in such a case, where I had time enough allowed me to do it.

Pupil. O well, I suppose you might, if you took time enough, but how much time does it take?

Mr. D. It really does not matter, for the support of my argument, if it should take two years, so long as the work could be accomplished at all; but I have never yet failed to make one able to sing a song through in tune, without the aid of an instrument, in thirty lessons. The ear needs training more than teachers are generally willing to allow, or rather, more than they are willing to devote their time to. For my part, I glory in producing something which did not exist before. It is easy to make singers of those who are already faultless. But the work of which I feel proudest, is that which is least showy. Some fault to be overcome, some real work to be done. It is not usually desired by teachers, I know, but it is where we are needed. A good work is being done in the public schools in teaching the children to sing, and making it interesting to them. More general education in music is to be desired. But do not let us abandon singing to those who are born with good voices and ears. In a large number of cases, these will not improve their opportunities. Singing comes so easily to them, that they will not do the little that needs doing, to enable them to excel. Bernacchi, a famous tenor singer of the 18th century, possessed a most intractable harsh voice, yet he became one of the greatest singers of his day, by persistent study. But many think that they ought to make progress without study, and blame their teacher if they do not. Perhaps they may improve to a certain extent, but how much more could be done with study! Do not despair of reaching the very highest place, with diligent, well-directed effort, but remember that whatever is worth the having costs effort. The world would be a fearfully dull one, with nothing to do. The bread that is earned is far sweeter than that which is given us. And now, in closing this series of very pleasant conversations, let me beg of you to take to your heart what I have said. I know that some of my ideas seem strange to many, but am confident that I have said nothing which is not practical. If you will examine closely, you will find that it all sums up in about these words: First know what you believe, then act as you believe. Always use your gifts first for the happiness of others. Do not be afraid of being number two.

Musical Education vs. Jubilee.

A CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC FOR THE NORTH-WEST.

[From Goldbeck's Journal of Music, Chicago, Ill.]

The people have satisfied their curiosity about the Jubilee, and having heard it, they acknowledge that there was nothing in it. Gilmore, a Boston band conductor of but little ability, distinction or rank in the musical profession, but much sensational notoriety, started the idea of enlarging the sphere and powers of music by brute accumulation of musical forces and numbers. That was a step in the wrong direction, although it dazzled and excited the public. He twice succeeded in persuading the Bostonians to go on a musical spree with him. But there he had the French and Prussian bands, and a number of brilliant stars plucked from the

playing and singing heavens. It was like giving the people the very best quality of champagne. Here in the west, people permitted themselves to be intoxicated, but they awoke the next morning with a bad headache; they had received instead of good champagne, what the French call "tisane," a wretched drug of a drink, cheap and plentiful, but productive of violent sea-sickness. The sharp Chicagoans and the confiding, excitement-loving country people were alike outwitted on the occasion of the late Jubilee. Will they be on their guard in the future? We hope so! Considering that more than a hundred thousand strangers deposited more than a million dollars with us, our good city might afford to laugh, were it not that its character, moral credit and standing abroad have been perceptibly lowered by the vexations occurrence in question. It is greatly to be desired therefore that the city should do something to redeem itself. This she could easily accomplish by attracting the world's attention to some worthy enterprise, which shall be noble in its immediate purposes, and productive of lasting benefit to the community and the entire North-west. We have heard it stated that on the occasion of the coming Industrial Exposition great things will be done to wipe out the disagreeable impression left by the Jubilee. We doubt whether anything of a passing nature can be done which would place the intelligence of Chicago in a more favorable light. There can be no solid merit in hiring foreign forces at great pecuniary outlay, for the purpose of having a short season of amusement. We should none the less remain a dreary western out-of-the-way-town, after it was all over. No! Steps must be made in the direction of abiding culture. We allude to the creation of a conservatory of music, one which shall be so admirable in its system, appointments and instructors that the musical art-atmosphere of the city, now below zero, shall at once rise to the normal temperature of warmth, lively motion and enjoyable existence. Such an institution would elevate, command and rightly direct the good tone of the western musical world, and give us the rank among other portions of the civilized world which we do not now possess, but to which our intelligence, wealth and spirit of enterprise clearly entitle us—provided we take the trouble to conquer that position for ourselves.

Such a conservatory should have a number of carefully organized departments. First among these would be the Educational department. This would again be divided into two great branches. One for the instruction of pupils, the other for the higher education of teachers who shall have passed a satisfactory examination, preliminary to their admission. Pupils would pay moderate tuition fees; teachers would be entitled to free study with condition of unsalaried co-operation during their time of attendance, if required. It is obvious that the prevailing bad taste is largely due to the inefficiency of the great majority of teachers. Free instruction of the very best quality obtainable by them, would powerfully counteract, and, in the end, overcome these most serious evils: the frivolous taste and total ignorance of the musical public at large! The educational department would comprise instruction in the art of singing, all instruments of importance, and all sciences, also languages, connected with the art of music.

The second department would be the choral, represented by an association of the best amateur material; the third the orchestral, embodying a Philharmonic Society and special orchestral.

The Conservatory should be centrally located, and of sufficient dimensions to contain a grand Concert Hall and several smaller Halls for Lectures, Recitals and smaller concerts, besides a number of rooms for the various departments of instruction. Its central location would insure its popularity, make it the most refined resort for the enjoyment of music, and easily enable it to become self-sustaining. Subscription lists should be opened under the auspices of the most intelligent and wealthiest citizens for the purpose of securing a sum of \$300,000, to be expended in the purchase of suitable grounds, the erection of the building and the basis of a funded capital in the shape of a subsidy for future contingencies. This sum of money should not be collected upon an issue of shares, but simply in the form of donations, freely given by the lovers of art and intellectual progress in Chicago and throughout the Northwest. It will probably not be questioned, that a sum of money invested in this manner would bring larger and more satisfactory returns, by educating and raising the people and giving Chicago the influence and importance it ought

A musical score for piano, page 21, featuring five staves of music. The score is in 2/4 time and consists of two systems of music. The first system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of four sharps, and a dynamic of *pp una corda*. The second system starts with a bass clef, a key signature of four sharps, and a dynamic of *fp*. The music includes various dynamics such as *pp*, *f*, and *poco più lento*, and performance instructions like *una corda* and *fp*. The score is written on five staves, with the right hand typically playing the upper staves and the left hand the lower staves.

FIRST LOSS.

ERSTER VERLUST.

W. Schumann, op. 60.

Lento.

No. 16.

LITTLE MORNING WANDERER.

23

KLEINER MORGENWANDERER.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

Marziale.

No. 17.

REAPER'S SONG.

SCHNITTERLIEDCHEN.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

Allegretto

No. 18.

to have, and must have before it can be considered the equal of other large capitals, than any other enterprise that could possibly be thought of.

It is admirable and beautiful to have magnificent and convenient buildings for the accommodation of commerce; but they represent one part only of man's life, that of business and toil. Noble and indispensable as that part is, it is no less essential that the expansion of the mental faculties in the fields of art should be fostered. The unfolding of man's higher life and happiness depends upon their refinement and growth.

We return once more to our plan, to say that the donators of the proposed sum of money should possess the right to elect a board of directors, in whose hands the government of the Conservatory should be placed, both for the administration of the funds, and the engagement of salaried teachers. The guiding idea should be to further the interests of Music; not to enrich individuals connected with the enterprise.

The opening of this hoped-for and much-needed Conservatory of Music could be made an occasion of the greatest and most distinguished gathering that has ever occurred in America. The musical, literary and artistic celebrities of the whole world could be invited to grace the inauguration with their presence. Liszt could not be induced to come to the Boston Jubilee, because he felt that he would have been out of place there; but let him be asked to be present at the opening of "our Conservatory," an emblem of all that is noble, earnest, useful and beautiful, and yet intensely enjoyable, and he will come, and many of the world's distinguished minds with him.

The famous Musikertag (Musicians' day) has just been held at Leipzig. At its meeting, a similar enterprise was under discussion for Germany. Let Chicago be the first to join hands with the country, *par excellence*, of science and art, in the accomplishment of the same project, and the dark smoke of the Jubilee will pass away and leave no odor behind.

We may, in conclusion, state authoritatively that the Chicago College of Music and Conservatory fully endorse these ideas.

WHAT RUBINSTEIN CONFIDED TO MISS FIELD.—Kate Field, who "went across" in the same steamer with Rubinstein, writes to the *Tribune* that he is bent on turning his back upon the public and devoting the rest of his life to composition. He has had a dream for many years, and he intends now to convert it if possible, into fact. This dream is to conquer for music a province—sacred opera. Oratorio he regards, with most sensible (?) people, as a dreary absurdity, "Think of Moses or Elijah singing in a swallow-tail on a bare platform," he says. His plan at present embraces seven great works, "Eve," "Moses," "Job," "Canticles," "Maccabees," "David," "Jesus Christ." None will be brought out until all are finished. Of course, he will throw off lighter pieces by way of recreation; but this is henceforth to be the business of his life. At present, he is inclined to think this country the best place for producing these operas when completed. Indeed, but for his wife, he would make his home here, for, though Russian of the Russians, he is a republican and loves liberty. He has such a horror of the sea, however, that, we fear the chances for our again seeing him are but slight. Incidentally he spoke to Miss Field about the condition and prospects of music in America. What was most needed now, was a system of conservatories in which art and not money-making should be the end. "Look at the magnificent legacy left to Baltimore by Mr. Peabody," he said. "The Peabody institute has \$60,000 a year to spend on music. What a grand opportunity for a conservatory! Our conservatory in Russia costs no more. We produce fine results, and the Peabody institute does nothing with its music fund. Tell this to the people. It ought to be known. You will have no music until you can educate musicians at home."

Liszt: His New Oratorio at Weimar.

BY JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, LL.D.

Liszt is the hero, almost the divinity of Weimar, as Goethe was in his day. The Court honors him, the musicians worship him, the people are proud of him; and when he brings out some new work under his personal direction, artists, princes, and *dilettanti* resort to Weimar from all parts of Germany, from England, Austria, and Russia, to attend upon the

festival and to do homage to the genius of the composer. Liszt knows well how to maintain his position with a courtly and serene dignity. His appearance commands respect and admiration. His long gray hair sets off finely a brow that seems formed for the sculptor, and which chiseled in marble might be taken for a classical antique. His tall and stately figure, clothed in the long black frock of his order, suggests some venerable dignitary of the Church. His manners are the perfection of the gentleman; and when he is animated in conversation or when he feels the inspiration of a musical theme and runs his fingers over the key of the piano his mouth and eyes kindle with a bewitching smile, that blends the freshness and fervor of youth with the graceful composure of the conscious master of his art. Nothing could be more amiable than his courtesy to strangers who are favorably introduced and to all who show that cultivation in music which makes it the instrument and expression of the higher and finer emotions of the soul. But there is a lurking lightning in his eyes, which is said occasionally to break forth in flashes of displeasure, of satire, or of ridicule that one would not care to provoke a second time.

If, like most men of genius, Liszt is sometimes moody, sometimes irritable, it is also due to himself and his position that he should not submit to be annoyed by persons who attempt to impose upon his time or to make capital out of his name. Hence, those who come to him for the reputation of being his pupils or with the idea of engaging his services must not complain if they get decidedly snubbed. It ought to be everywhere understood that now-a-days Liszt is in no sense an instructor in music nor a professor of his art. He takes no "pupils," gives no "lessons," and, above all, receives no fees; and any attempt to negotiate with him as a teacher would be sure to debar the applicant from those privileges which his courtesy might otherwise accord. A king in the musical world, Liszt uses his royal gifts right royally. Too generous to accumulate money and content with the fixed though moderate income of his position, he devotes his time to musical composition and to the gratuitous encouragement of younger artists who meet his approbation. Mere *amateurs* would intrude upon him in vain; but one who is well introduced as intending to make music a profession and as having already developed a promising talent may be complimented with an invitation to play before him. If the trial exhibits something more than technical excellence or mechanical proficiency, something of a soulful appreciation and interpretation of the most classical works, Liszt may give a few cordial words and honor the visitor by an invitation to come again; and so by degrees one may be initiated into a select circle, who go by invitation two or three afternoons a week to Liszt's apartments, to play before him, to hear his comments, and occasionally, perhaps, to hear his touch. And so with a princely munificence the great master dispenses his gifts, without solicitation and without compensation, to those whom he deems worthy of such encouragement. Seldom now does he give *séances*, and then only to a select circle of friends. To ask him to play is not permitted, even at Court. When he pleases, he gives.

In this magnanimous devotion to his art Liszt divides his time chiefly between Rome, Pesth, and Weimar, spending at the latter place the months of April, May, and June. Here he commonly brings out some new production, appearing in the double character of composer and conductor. A special interest was given to the festival of this year by the performance for the first time of the "Christus," an oratorio framed upon texts of the Holy Scriptures and of the Catholic liturgy, a work upon which Liszt told his correspondent he had been engaged between two and three years. This took place on Thursday, May 29th, in the old Stadt Kirche, famous for Cranach's great altar-piece of Christ as the centre of the world's history, where there is a remarkably good organ and ample room for orchestra and chorus. This trial performance, led by Liszt in person and attended by a large artistic and cultivated audience, was a memorable occasion for Weimar and a gratifying success for the great composer, who received the enthusiastic greetings of his friends upon his triumph in a field so difficult for the variety of effect required by the theme and necessary also to a sustained interest of three hours.

In this work Liszt has redeemed the vow he is reported to have made at Rome, to consecrate the maturity of his powers to the service of the Church. Restraining somewhat the early impetuosity of his genius and its affinity for the brilliant and the start-

ling, he has here brought out all the beauty, tenderness, and refinement of his nature, in harmony with the grand and the majestic, of both which he had already given such exquisite and impressive specimens. These qualities are admirably combined in the Overture, which is a key to the whole work. The text is in Latin. Part 1st is grouped around the Christmas theme: No. 1, the Introduction from *Isaiah xlvi.*, 8. No. 2, a *Pastoral* (instrumental), with the greeting of the angels to the shepherds, *Luke ii.*, 10-14. The *Gloria* here is very fine. No. 3 is a *Canto*, the *Stabat Mater speciosa*, a truly Roman hymn to the Virgin, but with music to charm even the ears of Luther, who stands in Cranach's picture singing in adoration of the Son of Mary. Then follows the gem of this part, No. 4, *Pastoral* at the manger, simple, subdued, and sweet as the pipes of shepherds heard on the still night. Hardly have these harmonies died away than (No. 5) a *Grand March* announces the coming of the three kings with their gifts—a march worthy of such a coronation.

Part 2d follows the Epiphany, and contains (No. 6) the *Beatitudes*. A tenor solo leads each benediction and the full choir ring out the response. The effect is charming.

No. 7 is a *Paternoster*; No. 8, the Founding of the Church, *Tu es Petrus* (*Mat. xvi.*; 18). The massive solidity and strength of this section is followed by a strain of delicious pathos in the words:

"*Simon Joannis, deliges me?*
Purce agnos meos.
Purce oves meos."—(*John xxi.*, 15).

No. 9 brings out the marvellous descriptive power of the author, as shown in his "*Venedig*" and kindred pieces, though rising here to a wild majesty of expression. The theme is the *Miracle on the Lake*, *Matt. viii.*, 23-26. As the orchestra represents the fury of the storm, the choir break in at intervals with the earnest piercing cry, "*Domine, salva nos, perinus.*"

No. 10 is a superb *Hosanna*, attending the entry of Christ into Jerusalem. This part brings out the peculiar strength and beauty of the author. Part 3 is devoted to the Passion and the Resurrection. No. 11 treats *Mark xiv.*, 34-36—"My soul is exceeding sorrowful"—with a feeling of chaste and tender awe. No. 12, a *Canto*, is a *Stabat Mater dolorosa*—most delicate and touching. Then follows an inspiring Easter Hymn (No. 13):

"*O filii et filia!*
Rex caelitatis, rex gloriae,
Morte surrexit hodie,
Alleluia!"

The concluding number (14) is a strong Chorus, with a grand organ accompaniment to the words:

"*Resurrexit tertia die:*
Christus vincet;
Christus regnat;
Christus imperat;
In sempiterna aeterna. Amen."

The native and resident talent of Weimar—still happily preserved as a city of art, culture, and refinement, aloof from the bustle of trade—furnished all the material for bringing out this noble work. Boston and New York will, doubtless, take it up. Liszt may well rest his fame as a composer upon a production destined to become a classic in both hemispheres.—*Independent*.

Weimar, June 2d, 1873.

New Oratorios, &c., in England.

Three new works are in preparation for the Birmingham Festival, the largest being Mr. Sullivan's oratorio, *The Light of the Wor'd*. So able and ambitious a composer will not neglect the splendid chance now offered him of accepting a *chef d'œuvre*. To use a popular expression, the ball lies under his foot, and he may do with it all that his strength permits. That Mr. Sullivan can do much need not be said, nor need it be pointed out that his ultimate reputation and place among creative musicians depend largely upon what he may now accomplish. He knows this perfectly well, and we are entitled to assume that *The Light of the World* will engage his utmost powers. The libretto is understood to be the work of Mr. George Grove, whose strong poetic feeling it, no doubt, illustrates, especially as the words come from the Bible, that exhaustless reservoir of the truest poetry. How the subject is treated we are not able to tell, but the title is enough to indicate that Mr. Sullivan has chosen a theme of high sacred interest, and one that makes no ordinary demand upon no ordinary powers.

The second Birmingham novelty is Sig. Randeg-

ger's cantata, *Fridolin*. We understand that the subject has been taken by Mme. Rudersdorff from Schiller's *Message to the Forge*—vigorous poem of which some of our readers may know the late Lord Lytton's translation beginning:—

"A harmless lad was Fridolin,
A pious youth was he;
He served and sought her grace to win,
Count Savern's fair ladye.
And gentle was the Dame as fair,
And light the toils of service there.
And yet the woman's wildest whim,
For her, had been but joy to him."

Those who know the story know, also, how fit it is for musical treatment in the dramatic style, and we shall be greatly surprised if *consensus* of opinion do not prove that Mme. Rudersdorff has treated it with admirable judgment and knowledge of effect. Sig. Randegger may be trusted to win success in an effort quite congenial to his tastes, and there is good reason to believe that his music, reverded by the superb means available at Birmingham, will make a deep impression.

Sig. Schira's *Lord of Burleigh*—an adaptation, or paraphrase, of the Laureate's well-known poem—is the third of the novelties to be produced in the capital of the so-called Black Country. The music is, we believe, finished and in the hands of its chosen interpreters. Moreover, the choruses have been once rehearsed by the Festival choir with a result which, according to the *Birmingham Daily Post*, gave much satisfaction. This was to be expected, because Signor Schira is a musician who long ago won the spurs of artistic knighthood.

Turning from Birmingham to Hereford, we find Sir Gore Ouseley, the Oxford Professor of Music, ready with a new oratorio, *Hagar*. Sir Gore is the Precentor of Hereford Cathedral, and has, therefore, a certain claim upon the local Festival; but he is also a man of mark in the profession, and a composer whose church music, to say nothing of his oratorio, *Polyarp*, his compositions for the organ, and theatrical treatises, has made his name widely known. By all means, then, a respectful hearing is due to *Hagar*, when the time comes for the sorrows of Abraham's discarded mistress to find musical expression.

From Hereford we go to the more western city of Bristol, where, at the Festival conducted by Mr. Halle, a new oratorio, *John the Baptist*, by the most learned of English musicians, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, awaits a hearing. The overture to this work, amateurs will remember, was produced at a Philharmonic concert some time ago, and made an impression due to its strong suggestiveness, vivid coloring, and remarkable skill. If the oratorio prove worthy of its prelude, then in *John the Baptist* will be found an example of English music destined to take high rank among things of the kind.

Glasgow will be the last provincial town to hold a Festival, but, like the rest, has its novelty in preparation. We refer to the sacred cantata, *Jacob*, by Mr. Henry Smart, composer who ought never to have any difficulty in obtaining a hearing for his music. The big Scottish city honors itself in honoring so capital a musician, and every English amateur will rejoice to find the festival directors justified by the result in giving up a portion of their scheme to Mr. Smart's latest work.

Here the list of novelties for 1873 ends. Is it not a goodly list?—*London Mus. World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 12, 1873.

Church Music.

Every one feels how fitly music intervenes in all the public acts of worship; how poorly the common piety that unites us all as members of one family and children of one Parent can express itself without it. Every one complains, too, of the unsatisfactory condition of church music. Why does the complaint continue, when books and professors of sacred music are so plenty? What are the formidable obstacles to better fruits? Their name is Legion, we suppose; but it is safe and reasonable also to suppose that they may all spring from a few grand roots. Three or four main causes, therefore, from which Sacred Music suffers, we will briefly

state, before undertaking to say what is desirable and practicable.

1. The first, and by many looked upon as the root of the whole difficulty, is the popular lack of taste and appreciation for true music; or in other words, the want of musical cultivation. Good music, high, artistic music, composed by genius and performed by artists, is thought *too* good for the congregations; hence the demand for the more cheap and vulgar article, which is most cheaply and abundantly, nay superabundantly supplied,—trust to the Yankee psalm-smiths for all that! But it is the fault of the Church—we use the word here in the most liberal sense, as the outward organization of the religious sentiment in all its existing forms,—it is the fault of the church itself, if people love not pure and lofty music in the church. The church itself should educate, inspire the taste for it. To this end, it is only necessary to employ good music in its public services; for as surely as we grow familiar with good music, do we grow to love it. The church was the place of all others where the high examples should have been set, and made to speak with ever-renewed vitality, to the hearts of the people. If music have that vital affinity with all holy feelings, with all heavenward aspirations, with all spiritual experiences too far-reaching, too profound and subtle to find utterance in speech, which we have all been accustomed to suppose,—then the church should have seen to it that this glorious property of tones was duly and practically demonstrated, till it had created in the general mind the taste that could appreciate it. One church has done that. The old Catholic church has owed a vast deal of its hold upon the population of all Europe to its practical faith in the potency of music; and its music has been, not of the so-called cheap and popular, not plain, routine psalmody, but the most masterly productions of genius attempting its possible with every aid of science. It has not proscribed real, inspired Art, by stigmatizing its works with the absurd term of "scientific music," as if that were tantamount to soullessly ingenuous and profane. The Catholic Church has done it (though even there we note a falling off, and many of the modern Masses are quite secular and operatic); why cannot the Protestant? And here arises the second fatality to the prevalence of a high order of church music:

2. Namely, sectarianism, exclusivism. The Protestant church is not one, but divided into many. Each separate church insists on its peculiarity, in musical service, as well as in creed and discipline. The Church of England, for instance, has a rich legacy of its own peculiar, native music; this is full of intrinsic merit, as music; but it excludes the benefit of other kinds of music, products of other schools, which are inspiring and religious in their way, while it excludes itself from a more general reception out of its own pale, because it is so much of it inseparable from the Episcopalian form of worship. Some limit themselves to an extremely painful conformity to a mere traditional type of the most primitive and, as they fancy, only truly *sacred* music. They have a right to their partiality, if they find satisfaction in it; but to get the full spiritual good of music (and no less is *our* problem), we must take a more generous and accepting view than that.—On the other hand, the plain psalm-singing of our congregational churches shows a sectarian avoidance of the sublimest, richest and most beautiful compositions ever written, partly *because* they are rich, and partly because they are Catholic. A high and all-prevailing standard of good music we can never have, until we recognize that music is neither Catholic nor Protestant, neither high church nor low church, neither traditional nor new light; and in no sense a prescribed formality; but a living

and divine voice of the best aspirations and emotions in the bottom of all souls, and quite unsectarian, reconciling and universal in its meanings.

Religion, as it is outwardly organized around us, that is, the church visible, lacks unity. The Roman church has at least an outward and compulsive unity; what we, who are not of it, regard as a false unity, a mere outward type and shadow of inward and true oneness; yet even this mere shadow gives immense advantage. In the matter of artistic aids,—whereby the spirit impresses itself, as through vibrating media, upon the eye and ear, and through these on the responsive soul within,—it trusts and uses all that art and nature offer, and is not afraid to touch aught, lest it shall have done service in some other church. The principle of the Protestant movement is individual liberty of judgment; this leads to many intellectual theories often of the same internal facts,—and hence to many separate communions or sects. But if the principle of liberty, in spite of all these divergencies, implies no deep and inward principle of unity of some sort, it must be false: for the first and deepest passion in the human soul, indeed life itself, considered as one undivided impulse, is a craving after unity with all other life. Protestantism, however, does imply this. All worshippers of all sects, who are in any degree in earnest, feel and know that the real *living* religious sentiments, which impart all the glow and rhythmical heart beat to an act of worship, are sentiments too large and universal to be circumscribed within any creed or form. Granting each separate church its own peculiar virtue (and perhaps each presents a certain side of truth more clearly than all others to those who need to have it so presented), still all churches build upon a certain undercurrent, or basis of a religious sentiment inherent in humanity, upon certain great religious instincts in the soul that only need to be educated into the light and into full, beneficent activity. It is precisely of these that music is the natural, the only perfect language. Music is chained down from her most benign, most heavenly function, and becomes a "Pegasus in Harness," when she is converted into the mere slave of traditional formality, and made to wear the livery of sect.

No doubt, in this attempt to gain a foothold for the most generous and edifying use of music in our public worship, we betray more of our own peculiar views or idiosyncrasies than it concerns our musical readers to know. Of course, we must frankly own our stand-point, while we respect that of every other. But ours is at least a reconciling view; and music may be employed to greater advantage than ever in worship, as a language of the most simple and universal religious sentiments, so as to engage in worship thousands of hearts which know not and cannot learn to know the obligation of a peculiar creed; at the same time that it leaves each in the undisturbed enjoyment of whatsoever there may be most sectarian about him.

But leaving this consideration (for at present we are only pointing out great obstacles to the general possession of a satisfactory church music; and this last obstacle is one so dangerously suggestive that we must only lift a corner of it into sight and then drop it), we pass on to a third obstacle of a very different nature.

3. It is that Sacred Music, in this country, has been and is so vigorously and profanely, even if it seem sometimes so sanctimoniously, *traded upon*. We have more than once alluded to the enormous multiplication and sale of new collections of psalmody in this country. The lover of good music, to whom there is religion in music, looks upon all this with loathing and dismay. It is said, to be sure, that we Americans are essentially a psalm-loving

and psalm-singing people; that this has been our initiation into the glories and the joys of music, and that this is the field in which the popular sensibility to melody and harmony must be principally met and ministered unto and elevated. To psalms and chorals in themselves we make no sweeping objection; we too have loved them and have helped to sing them, and shall not have the folly to ignore their sublimity in fitting circumstances. But because they are simple, and because they smack of our puritan origin, and because the people grew up, generation after generation, with no other ideas of music, as a serious matter, and because the sense of monotony would set in after long singing of the same old set of short and simple tunes: was this good cause for varying and multiplying this short rhythmical pattern *in infinitum*, and overspreading the broad land, cubits deep, with this questionable manna, this dry and tasteless pabulum mechanically ground out and diffused through annual "Conventions"? Good cause or not, no matter, when the trading spirit was awakened, and saw that it could manufacture the demand by the mere act of manufacturing the supply.

A psalm-loving people we may be by habit, by force of our past circumstances; but a psalm-singing people *essentially* we doubt if we or any people can remain; for we hold it to be just as certain as that a Beethoven symphony will by frequent hearing supplant the polka in the affections of an audience, that it only needs the opportunity to grow familiar with higher and more artistic models of sacred music, to make the people forget their passion for perpetually new changes on the old hum-drum pattern of psalm-tune. It is the *trading* spirit of the "professors" that has so long pre-occupied the popular ear and mind with these things, that it may be long before anything better can begin to make impression on them or arrest attention. Observe, it is only of the *overdoing* of the matter that we complain.

4. As we began with mentioning the want of taste for music as the first obstacle to the full religious efficacy of music, perhaps we had best end with suggesting that all these obstacles resolve themselves into this one: namely, that however much music is employed and loved, there is still everywhere in the matter of public worship a great lack of faith in Music. Music is far from being fully respected and trusted. Hers is the case of Woman in respect of civil rights. Honored she is after a fashion, and admired and courted. But the implication always is that she has no right or virtue in herself. In worship, Music is not listened to as if it had something to say, of a deeper and more subtle meaning than words can convey. But it is used to add measure and rhythm to a ritual, or simply as a sweetened liquid to wash down one dry pill after another of didactic verses in a prosy hymn; all the *virtue* being supposed to reside in the ritual or the verses, and the music to be wholly secondary. Let the hint suffice. We say, that until Music shall be better trusted, until it shall be understood and owned that in lofty or tender music, by itself considered, the most spiritual states and most profound prayers and longings and praises of the heart can find fuller utterance than in any outward forms or words, Music can never perform the tithe of her holy office for mankind.

Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN sails to day from New York for Germany. His many friends here hope to welcome him again restored to his old health and vigor.

Mr. HARTDEGEN, the violoncellist, who became well known in our Symphony Concerts, and at the Globe Theatre a year or two ago, was recently tendered a farewell concert in San Francisco, prior to his departure for Mexico and South America.

OPERA NEXT SEASON.—The usual brilliant promises are held up already,—although the gilt would seem to be pretty much worn off from those old hacks, the *Trovatore* and the *Traviata*, and the like. Both Maretz and Strakosch (the two Strakosches) are in the field. The former will have PAULINE LUCCA, who still abideth in this land of the free; also, for a notable fresh novelty, Mme. ILMA DE MURSKA; also Mlle. Natali Testa, Sigs. Tamberlik and Vizzani, tenors, F. Marie, and the excellent Jamet, basso. Of the repertoire report speaks not, but it is readily imagined.—For the other party the *American Register*, of Paris, sounds the trumpet from afar, with the usual flourish, thus:

The Messrs. Strakosch have completed their arrangements for the approaching fall season of opera at the New York Academy of Music. Judging from the preparations made for it in Europe, and the number of celebrated artists already engaged, it is just to say that it will be the most brilliant operatic season that New York has ever known. The majority of the artists already secured by the Messrs. Strakosch are not only of acknowledged merit, but are at present enjoying the favor of the English public at the two royal opera houses in London. Since her last visit to the United States Mme. Nilsson, the star of the new Strakosch company, has won fresh laurels in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and the English metropolis. The audiences which she is at present attracting to Drury Lane are more fashionable and numerous, and the enthusiasm which she excites is more genuine and rapturous than ever. Nor is this without reason. Her vocalization has improved, and her voice has grown stronger and richer in volume since her return from Russia.

The other *prime donna* secured for the United States are: First—Mlle. Turlani, who possesses the triple advantages of youth, good looks, and a charming voice. She sang last season at the Italiens in Paris, and she has since met with great success, not only in London, but in the English provinces, under the direction of Mr. Mapleson, of her Majesty's Opera. Second—Mlle. Maresi, a young dramatic soprano with a beautiful quality of voice, who appeared to great advantage last season in Milan and Genoa in "Fruct" and in "Romeo and Juliet." She has been engaged by Messrs. Strakosch to sing *Zurita*, *Aida*, and other dramatic parts. Third—Miss Annie Louise Cary, an American lady, with a fine contralto voice, already an established favorite with the musical public in the United States, and who is to be the *prima donna* contralto for the approaching season.

The principal tenors for the new troupe will be Campanini and Capoul, who are at present delighting her Majesty's lieges at Drury Lane, and Bonfratelli, an excellent young tenor from the Scala, Milan. Signori Maurel and Del Puente will be the leading baritones of the troupe. Signor Maurel is at present engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. In "William Tell," "Dinorah," "Linda" and "Faust" he has proved a formidable rival to Faure. Signor Del Puente is the favorite baritone of her Majesty's opera, Drury Lane. He has a high baritone voice, and excels in "Trovatore," "Traviata," "Rigoletto" and "Lucia." Signor Nanetti, of the royal Italian opera, Covent Garden, is engaged as the *primo basso assoluto*, and his recent performance of *Mephistopheles* in "Faust" has raised him greatly in public estimation. He is young, and has an organ of great volume and compass. Signor Muzio, the well-known *maestro* and composer, and the favorite friend and pupil of Verdi, is to have the musical direction of the new troupe. Signor Muzio's popularity in the United States will inspire additional confidence in the undertaking.

The "Aida" of Verdi and Wagner's "Lohengrin" will be the principal novelties produced in New York. In addition to them the repertory will include "Martha," "The Huguenots," "Trovatore," "Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Ernani," "Hamlet," "Mignon," "Don Giovanni," "Nozze di Figaro," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Lucia," "Sonnambula," "Faust." The Messrs. Strakosch have just returned from Italy, where they have ordered a large supply of scenery from the first decorative artists of the Italian theatres. The scenery for "Aida" will be painted by the same artist that mounted the opera for the Viceroy of Egypt. We are assured by persons who have been to Cairo that neither in Europe nor America was the opera ever put upon the stage with such marvelous pictorial effects or such splendor of ac-

cessories. The costumes for "Aida" and "Lohengrin" are making by the first *costumiers* of Italy. In short, the preliminary expenses incurred for the approaching season in New York already far exceed those of any previous season of opera ever given in this city.

THE ROBERT FRANZ FUND.—The undersigned acknowledge with many thanks the following contributions to the fund in behalf of Robert Franz:

Net proceeds of a private concert given at Mechanics' Hall, May 31, 1873.	\$1,238.02
Mrs. Quiney A. Shaw.	1,100.00
Sebastian B. Schlesinger.	400.00
Mrs. and Miss Tappan.	300.00
Barthold Schlesinger.	300.00
Mrs. and the Misses Cary.	270.00
Mrs. George R. Russell.	100.00
Miss E. F. Mason.	50.00
Mrs. C. W. Huntington.	50.00
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Mrs. Samuel Hooper.	50.00
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Mrs. Henry Higginson.	50.00
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Miss Clara Doria.	25.00
Mr. Charles Howe.	25.00
Miss Pearson.	25.00
rs. L. Agassiz.	25.00
*rs. Alex. Agassiz.	25.00
Mrs. Cabot Lodge.	20.00
Mrs. John Lodge.	20.00
C. Petersilea.	10.00
Mrs. F.	5.00
Cash.	5.79
Total,	\$4,381.00

It is earnestly hoped that the same effort which has so successfully been made in Boston in behalf of the great song composer will also be made in other cities in the United States. The undersigned will be happy to take charge of and to transmit any sums that may be intrusted to their care.

L. AGASSIZ,
J. S. DWIGHT,
H. I. HIGGINSON,
OTTO DRESEL,
SEBASTIAN B. SCHLESINGER,
Committee,
H. L. HIGGINSON, Treasurer,
40 State street, Boston.

ANOTHER GERMAN BAND, that of the Royal Saxon Sharpshooters of Dresden, Prince George regiment,—tempted by the lucrative example of the Prussian and the French bands here last summer,—have come to this country under the direction of Herr Hans Girod, "Kapellmeister of his Majesty, the King of Saxony, and Cornet-a-piston virtuoso." They gave their first concert on the 27th ult., in the New York Academy of Music, and according to the *Musik-Zeitung* "made quite a fiasco." The composition of the band is said to be coarse and brassy, consisting of metallic clarionets, cornet-a-piston, Flügelhörner, trumpets, trompetinas, tenor horns, French horns, trombones, tubas and helicon.

Prince Poniatowski, whose musical compositions have been heard of late in London concert rooms, died in Paris, on the 4th inst. He was born in Rome in 1816, his father being Stanislas Poniatowski, the Roman patron of art and artists in his day. In 1848 the son was made Prince of Monte-Rotondo by Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany. In 1854 he transferred his citizenship from Italy to France, and in due time became a Senator. Although his life was passed amidst nobility, diplomacy, legislation and politics, none of these subjects had as much interest for him as music. He has composed several operas, and of late years numerous songs and miscellaneous pieces.

Music Abroad.

London.

OPERA. The *Orchestra*, June 13, tells us: A remarkably effective mounting of Ambroise Thomas' "Amleto" at Covent Garden on Thursday, did not alter the public judgment pronounced on the opera. It is essentially a commonplace and uninteresting work, and its

intrinsic poverty was all the more apparent in contrast with the magnificent *mise-en-scène* and the stately and artistic acting of M. Faure. This gentleman's realization of *Hamlet* is perfect from the operatic standpoint. It is no small achievement to make a musical *Hamlet* bearable at all to an English public; but M. Faure does more—he invests the conception with a good deal of character. The courtliness, the chivalry, the melancholy, the fits of sudden passion, the self-repression under a sense of sudden distrust, are all present in the *Hamlet* who sings, just as they are in the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare's page. Of course the mere vocal duties of the part were no less efficiently discharged; and the drinking song (*Hamlet* drinking to drown melancholy!) *Hamlet*, who so gravely rebukes the King's wassail: "they clepe us drunkards!"), "O vin disacecchia la tristeza," was encored with a special raising of the curtain. Mme. Albani's *Ophelia* is not good as a whole, and is far inferior to Mme. Nilsson's *Ophelia*. It lacked dramatic energy: Mme. Albani simply looked and posed the character, but did not act it. Her voice, too, suffered apparently from cold; altogether she was not seen at her best. But the audience were extremely indulgent, and applauded her throughout, as well as encored the "Willow song." Mme. Siuico performed the *Queen* like the careful artist she is; and Sigg. Bagaglolo, Capponi and Bettini were respectively the *King*, the *Ghost*, and *Laertes*.

"Otello" was produced on Friday with a capital cast:—Mme. Patti an enchanting *Desdemona*; Sigg. Mongini, a vigorous *Otello*, Sig. Graziani a careful and efficient *Iago*. The impersonation of *Desdemona* was simply an exquisite piece of art—a triumph of the purest emotionalism joined to vocalization of the highest order. It wrought upon the audience with an overpowering effect, and as the opera proceeded the admiration grew more and more tumultuous. Indeed a richer treat of the kind could not be imagined than to witness Adelina Patti's rendering of Shakespeare's tenderest and loveliest heroine. For the exhibition of tragic pathos and the display of vocal ability, this part is unrivaled in all Mme. Patti's repertory. Sig. Mongini sang with great fire and energy, and dealt out high C's with the ease and succession wherewith a favored whist-player will play trumps; and the duet with *Iago* was encored. The *Iago* of Sig. Graziani, as we have remarked, was a most effective study. Sig. Bettini sang well the florid music of *Roderigo*, and Sigg. Capponi, Fallar, and Mme. Corsi all contributed with effect to the performance.

On Saturday Mme. Albani repeated *Lucia*, a character much better within her compass than *Ophelia*. Being in good voice, she earned considerable applause, and did full justice to the part. In the mad scene she showed to advantage, and achieved a success to which the flute obligato by Mr. Charles Radcliffe contributed in its way. The cast was similar to that of the previous occasion—Sigg. Pavani, Cotogni, and Capponi being in the three principal male rôles.

The impersonation of "Desdemona" was repeated on Tuesday. On Monday we had "Faust" with Mme. Smeroschi again as *Marguerite*, and Sig. Pavani as *Faust*. Last evening was an extra night, and Mme. Patti resumed her old success as *Zerlina* in Mozart's masterpiece. The *Don Giovanni* was M. Faure. To-night will witness Mme. Albani's *Ophelia* for the second time; and to-morrow the first performance will be given this season of "L'Africaine"; Mme. d'Angeri in the prima donna's rôle.

Of Sig. Campanini's *Gennaro* at Drury Lane, it may be sufficient to remark that his introduction of declamatory passages into "Di pescatore ignobile" is without precedent and without excuse. "Di pescatore" fascinates by its sweetness and simplicity; it is in keeping with the modest character of the words, and the actor who introduces flourishes and cadenzas into the humble confession, behaves as absurdly as one who having to say, "I am the son of a lowly fisherman," should accompany his speech by sticking his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes, inflating his chest, and strutting about like a peacock. Music has its symbolism no less than attitude. Otherwise Sig. Campanini's *Gennaro* was good; he carried the character well, and sang with great effect. Of Mme. Titiens in *Lucrezia* and Mme. Trebelli in *Maffeo Orsini*, there is nothing new to say.

This week the feature at Drury Lane has been Ambrose Thomas's "Mignon"—an opera which like his "Hamlet" derives all interest from the sweetness and tenderness of its heroine. As *Mignon* Mme. Nilsson absorbs the attention of the spectators, which finds little else to distract it in a work void of character, and containing little incident. But the purity of the gentle heroine has an admirable exponent in the gifted lady who lends life to the conception and whose singing invests the thinnest music with charm. She was supported by M. Caponi as *Wilhelm*, by Mme. Trebelli as *Friedrich*, and Sigg. Castelmary, Casaboni, and Mme. Carlotta Grossi; the cast was thus strong in its chief ingredients.

The *Sunday Times* thus girded at Hans von Bülow in a late issue, and *adprop* of the Philharmonic Concert:

The solo performer was Herr von Bülow, who, to the incoherence of his own playing, added the incoherence of Rubinstein's Concerto in G; and what with one and what with the other, the audience got so bemuddled as to take refuge in the delusion that they were all delighted. We cannot describe Rubinstein's music, if music it may be called. It makes the orchestra and pianoforte rave like inarticulate monsters in pain; its progress is by jerks and spasms, it is without form and void of sense. Herr von Bülow played the work as such a work should be played. He flung himself about, flourished his hands, glared now at the orchestra, now at the audience, missed right notes and put wrong ones in their places, and generally demeaned himself as a man might be expected to demean himself much of whose life has been spent in committing to memory the gibberish of the Pythoness calling herself Modern German Music. We devoutly hope Dr. Bülow will take Rubinstein's Concerto back with him; and if he should drop the thing overboard in mid-channel our only regret would be for the fish that happened to swallow it.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The sixth concert took place on Monday with the following programme:

Overture, ("Manfred") Schumann.
Aria, "Le Fanciulle" ("Dinorah") Meyerbeer.
Mme. Trebelli-Bettini.
Concerto for Violin Violin, Herr Auer.
Aria, "L'ombra nota viene" ("La Mathilde de Guise") Hummel.
Mme. Edith Wynne.
Poeme Symphonique: "Tasso" Liszt.
Italian Symphony Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Voi che sapete" ("Le Nozze di Figaro") Mozart.
Mme. Trebelli-Bettini.

Overture, ("Faust") Spohr.

Excellence, as usual, was the rule as regards the orchestral pieces: Herr Auer seems to gain on every successive appearance.

HANDEL'S "THEODORA." On Tuesday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms took place the annual concert for the restoration of the parish church of St. Ann, Soho. These annual concerts will enter the musical history of our country. Last year was given the "Passion" of St. John by Bach; this year the "Theodora," or "Virgin Martyr," of Handel, a superb oratorio, which has slept for the last 120 years. So much the better for Handel and this generation. He comes out all the fresher, and the "Theodora" music has escaped robbery and despoil. The "Theodora" was rendered in a way that would have touched old Handel; the orchestra was good, the chorus splendid, the organist facile, and there was a Montague [a familiar name to the composer] as a prima donna. Lady Agneta Montague was the Irene of the evening, and her first public appearance, its object, the revival, and her admirable impersonation of Irene will be a pleasant memory for life. The lady sang the very fine aria "As with rosy steps" well in all respects, and no less the song, "Defend her, heaven." The air "Lord, to thee each night and day" is charged with mishaps. Mrs. Alfred Shaw (then Miss Postans) on her first trial ran away with it to the horror of old Sir George Smart, and not a few vocalists have been made uneasy by the trembling of "the convulsive rocks." Still this difficult song was very fairly rendered. The duet "Whither Princess do you fly"—a magnificent composition—Lady Montague sang with Miss Alderson, and it was capital. Miss Alderson as the *Martyr* acquitted herself to the satisfaction of all. The "Angels ever bright and fair," and the beautiful music of the *Prison Scene* were brilliant attempts. Mrs. Nassau Senior was careful conscientious, and earnest in all her music. Mr. Arthur Wade as the lover, and Mr. Pounall as the *fidus Achates*, both well supported the ladies. The choruses—most masterly counterpoints and wonderfully dramatic—enriched every one. "How strange the r ends," "He saw the lovely youth," and "Blest be the hand" are most conspicuous for their almost supernatural significance, and these were presented with much color and energy. Mr. Oliver King as organist is to be commended, and Mr. Barnby warmly congratulated. Messrs. Novello acquired a beautiful copy of the oratorio. "Theodora" was last night, and will continue, a success, for it is a drama; but as to poetry, cold and descriptive. As to music, it is the very essence from the Handelian alembic. It is odd to find Bach and Handel building up a church in Soho. It should be of good architecture, a real Christian basilica, vaulted and adorned in all possible forms of dignity and tenderness.—Orch. June 13.

Special Notices.

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"Tell me, loved one, are you waiting

Far beyond the bright blue sky?"

The words sufficiently denote the character of the song, which is of a good kind, and good of the kind.

Nettie's Lesson. Canzonetta. 3. G to g. Tully. 30

"Antoinette, the sly young beauty,"

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A neat little joke, by a nice little maid, with a remarkably sweet little melody.

Wanderer's Song. 4. D to a. Pratt. 30

"Ah, where flows the Rhine,—

There's my heart, my home."

Composed for and dedicated to Mme. Lueca. Full of enthusiasm and, when well rendered, must be very effective.

Dinah Doe. (Golden-haired Darkey). With Cho. 3. D to d. Molloy. 30

Where have I been all Summer. Song and Dance. 3. D to f. Pratt. 30

Comic, lively and nonsensical, and none the worse for it.

Love Bird's Kiss. 3. G to e. Jacobi. 30

"High in my window two love birds,—"

Instrumental.

Wreath of Beauty. Waltz. 3. F. Turner. 30

Mr. Turner's instrumental pieces are cordially welcomed as they appear. They are always pretty, fairly easy, and adapted to the popular taste.

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A very beautiful and graceful "Song without Words."

Humming Bird's Song. 3. G. Pridham. 40

A "Music Box" piece, played entirely on the higher keys of the Piano. Very neat.

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Exceedingly bright, jolly, almost rollicking in its movement, and yet has a certain dignity. A true Bacchanal.

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Very sweet and easy waltz.

The Wayside Chapel. Lithograph Title.

Reverie for Piano. 3. F. Wilson. 50

The "Chapel," depicted on the title-page, is of simple but beautiful architecture, and so is the piece. Mr. Wilson is an adept at this kind of music-building, producing what every one can play, yet sacrificing no point of taste. The Wayside Chapel is quite as pretty as Wely's Cloches de Monastere, or Richards' Monastery, and has the same subject, much simplified.

On the Sea. Reverie. 4. F. Hennes. 50

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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

